Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.
*Du'e.* What meanes your Grace?

*Enter Gonorill.*

*Gon.* Who ſtrucke my ſeruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
*Lear.* Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you ſweet ſway alow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
*Gon.* Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
*Lear.* O ſides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th ſtockes?
*Duke.* I ſet him there, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
*Lear.* You; did you?
*Reg.* I pray you father being weake, ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiourne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your enterrainment.
*Lear.* Returne to her, and fifty men diſmiſt?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her;
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life afoote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter

To



To this deteſted groome.
*Gon.* At your choiſe ſir.
*Lear.* Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my childe, farwell,
Wee'l no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies within my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine, thou art a byle,
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
*Reg.* Not altogether ſo ſir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare to my ſiſter, for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you are old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe does.
*Lear.* Is this well ſpoken now?
*Reg.* I dare auouch it ſir, what fifty followers,
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more,
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number, how in a houſe
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amity, tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
*Gon.* Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants, or from mine?
*Reg.* Why not my Lord? if then they chanc'ſt to ſlacke
We could controle them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twenty, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
*Lear.* I gaue you all.